Amusements, etc., Chis Evening.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Brooklyn.—"Rank." Lina Boorn's THEATER. - At 1) and at 8: "A Winter's FIFTH-AVENUE THEATER. - At 11: "Bachelor of its." At 11: "Bachelor of LINA EDWIN'S THEATER.—At 9]: "Rank." George Nimeo's Garden.-At 2 and at 8: "Kit." F. S.

OLYMPIC THEATER.-At 1] and at 8: "Jack Shep-WALLACK'S THEATER.—"Rosedale." Lester Wallack

CENTRAL PARK GARDEN. - Concert. Theodore

Business Notices.

HERRING'S SAYES. THEIR TRIUMPHS IN THE MONTH OF MAY. GREAT PIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.

PRILADELPHIA, May 29, 1371. On the evening of the 20th inst. our warnhouse was entirely destroyed by fice. Our Books and Popers were in one of your Herring's Patent Committon Safes, which, though sobjected to an intense heat, preserved them in an excellent condition. Years, &c.. MAIONE & Co.

THE GREAT FIRE AT TREMANSBURG.

[By Telegraph.]

TRUMANURG, S. Y., May 27, 1871. THUMASSERIES, S. 1. May 2. And 2. THUMASSERIES, S. 1. May 2. And we found our books in perfect preservation. Truly yours, PRAIT, REMSRY & Co.

LARGE FIRE AT JERSEY CITY.

JERSET CITY, May 24, 1871. On the morning of the 16th inst., our Oakum works were comple destroyed. Our Safe was in a very exposed position, and we are pleased it as on opening it we found the contents in good order. Yours respect ally,

BREZARIN MILLS, per C. D. MILLS.

FIRE IN TOWA.

Demogra, Iona May 23, 1871.
On the night of April 18 fast, my large three-story brick brewery w On the most of about a second as an arranged provided with one of your Herring a false, which contained all my books and valuable paper. which were preserved unitjured, not a worl or a line destroyed. H. FOCKLER. THE GREAT FIRE AT HONESDALE.

[2by Telegrouh.] My Herring's Patent Champion Sofe wax in the great fire on the night of the 15th inst. The Sife was at a white heat, but I am pleased to any

of the 15th inst. The Sub was at a watte uear, we have and papers were complety preserved without injury.

1. Saydan. FIRE IN JAMESTOWN. JAMESTOWN, N. Y., MS 2, 1871.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., May 2, 1871. We had a where fee here Peh 1. Your Safe scam possed through it is good share. It would not unlock one had to cut in the door. Shall send it to you for repairs. Truly, yours. O. F. Whith.

GREAT PIRE IN JEFFERSON, TEXAS. JHPPENSON, Texas, May 17, 1871.

In March, 1939, I purchased one of your Champion Sides. My store was board in the districtive fire of August last; in it was this safe, chich I am keppy to say preserved its contents in admirab

THE GREAT FIRE IN MONMOUTH, ILL. MONROUTH, III., May 11, 1971. On the marning of the 9th inst., our town was visited by the most d structive fire over known in this vicinity, desire ing for

tags. We use fortunately provided with one of your Patent Champ-Soles, which was exposed to a very sever test, having lain in the ru-face days. Everything was preserved to our satisfaction. Yours tru HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION SAFES.

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UP-TOWN ADVERTISEMENTS. For the accommodation of up-town residents, Mr. E. H. Brown has opened an office at No. 54 West Thirty-second-st., junction of Broadway and Sixth-ave. where advertisements for The TRIBUNE will be received up to 73 in the evening.

New-York Daily Tribune.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1871.

Two thousand Communist prisoners have been con signed to the prison ships at Cherbourg. A resolution for the repeal of the proscriptive laws against the Or leans princes has been introduced in the French Assembly. Henri Rochefort is still alive. Victor Hugo is in London. - The 18th of June has been designated a a day of thanksgiving throughout Germany. - Th British Government refuses to receive the Minister from Paraguay, he being a British subject.

The Free Religious Association held their anniversary in Boston, yesterday, Mr. Frothingham delivering an The persecution of the Chinese continues in California, one Chinaman being stoned to death by boys, and the Chinese in an interior town being ordered to leave, on pain of death. ---- The California quartz miners are on a strike. ____ Two men have been killed by a mining accident in Pennsylvania. - The Olympic Base Ball Club has defeated the Haymakers at Wash ington-score, 11 to 8. - A desperate encounter with burglars has taken place at Greenport, L. I.

The National Insurance Convention has adjourned till October. —— The Republican recaroliment was begun. —— The Jerome Park Spring racing meeting opens next Saturday. - Gold, 1121, 1121, 1122. Thermome ter, 66°, 80°, 71°.

The Bar-Iron Manufacturers of the Atlantic States have acted judiciously in forming a permanent association. The Iron and Steel and Woolen trade organizations already existing have, in various ways, conferred benefits on their respective industries. These associations are also calculated to promote harmony of action on the Tariff, and thus disappoint the hopes of Free Traders, who seek to profit by dissensions or supposed rivatry.

The villains who secretly directed the terrible deeds of the Paris Communists have found safety in flight to England. They are old, confirmed revolutionists of the worst French type, and are not in any proper sense political refugees. They were guilty of most inhuman crimes during the insurrection, and well deserve the halter; but John Bull will, of course, andignantly demur to giving them up. Per-Thaps when he learns that they are said to be planning to burn half the Capitals of Europe, and may be tempted in their depravity to give London to the flames, he will be more ready to deliver them up, or order them away.

The surviving sufferers by the Pittston coal mine disaster decline to prosecute Blake & solved to content themselves with whatever ious denomination, or the Sons of Temperance, few days he received a cold dispatch, saying Co., the owners, for damages, and have resympathizing friends may contribute as a re- | or the Ancient Order of Hibernians, or the | that the Czar was displeased at his presuming |

lief fund. This is probably a very wise decision, for it is better to trust to the uncertain charity of the world than to the still more uncertain chances of the law. But this action does not wholly relieve the mine-owners from the responsibility to the law for their grave offense of employing more than twenty miners in a mine with only one shaft. When the Pennsylvania State Attorney fails to prosecute, we shall conclude that the felony has indeed been compounded.

Commissioner Councily of the Sinking Fund innounces the probable conclusion of a finanial arrangement with the Rothschilds, by which they are to take the consolidated debt of the City, paying off the old loans as they fall due, and taking the new consolidated securities as they are issued. Before this arrangement is perfected, we hope the Controller will not fail to give us the long-expected report, and in it such a lucid exposition of the City's finances as may warment this bold stroke on the part of the great foreign bankers. It used to be the boast of Mr. Fisk, jr., that Wall-st. could not buy Erie stock faster than he could print it. The suspicious silence of the Controller has fostered the fear that a similar remark might appropriately apply to the financial transaction now in question. Let us have a clear and honest report that may put an end to such apprehensions and clear the financial fame of the City. Or, if such report cannot be given, let us see some official bold enough to take the responsibility and tell the whole truth.

Mace and Coburn, the prize-fighters, have been disporting themselves away off in Kansas. The first has shown himself the ruffian that all knew him, while Coburn has fully confirmed the opinion of Judge Dowling that he was "a great cowardly loafer." If they return to New-York, will the Superintendent of Police do his plain duty, and Judge Dowling keep his promise to punish these 'heavy weight ruffians" as he punished Edwards and Collins. The latter culprits have charged since their committal that in such offenses as prize-fighting there are grees of crime as in stealing, the light weights" and the small pilferers suffering severer punishment than the "heavy bruisers" and the thieves of thousands. There is certainly an idea abroad analogous to this, and the belief prevails that Mace and Coburn will find some mysterious protection if they return here, and that neither Police nor Justice will annoy them. We do not share this suspicion, but it is certainly widespread among the people nervous over their safety from such characters and their demoralized followers. It is, therefore, all the more incumbent on the Police to make New-York uncomfortably warm for these ruffians. We shall watch anxiously to see that this duty is

The report of the Bourbon fusion is confirmed by the debates of yesterday in the Assembly at Versailles. A motion was made to abrogate all laws of proscription, as subserving only the injustice and hatreds of dynasties, and not in conformity with true civil freedom; and an amendment was proposed relating specially to the laws which prevent the princes of the two branches of the House of Bourbon from living in France. The Assembly also took up the question of the validity of the elections of the Prince de Joinville and the Duke of Aumale, and made it the order of the day for Monday next. The vote upon this question will give some indication of strength of the new coalition, and if these two able and estimable sons of Louis Philippe are admitted to their places in the Chamber, as is their right, a nucleus for the Restoration party will be at once furnished in the very heart of the legislative power. They are ready to assume their seats as soon as they are declared entitled to them. In spite of the Napoleonic decrees which banished them from France in the early days of the Empire, and of the Republican orders which confirmed the Bonapartist outrage a few months ago, they have not quitted France, but have remained at the chateau of the Duke of Audiffret-Pasquier, not far from Versailles, awaiting the progress of events.

Their presence in the Legislative Body will unquestionably give life and direction to Bourbon efforts at restoration. But they are honest men and sensible, as princes go; and though it is only natural that they should prefer the purple of royalty to the black coat of the citizen, they are not likely to attempt anything which would be contrary to the evident wish of the people of France. This much of practical democracy they have learned in England and America. If the Republic survives its present perils, as we earnestly hope it may, these Orleans princes will be false to every profession of their lives if they do not become good and useful citizens of free France. They are of better stuff than the ordinary herd of mere princes, and can sustain themselves in any community, as men among men.

A dispatch, the other day, announced that the corner-stone of the new Capitol at Albany was to be laid with the ceremonial of the Masonic Order on their honored day, the anniversary of St. John the Baptist. There are some reasons why such a programme may seem at first view appropriate. The Freemasons are a large and powerful body, embracing a great many of our most trusted and honored citizens, having no political affiliations, and generally respected for their charitable deeds and useful purposes. Their gorgeous regalia and impressive ritual add a splendor to all public observances in which they take part, and under their auspices we may be sure that the beginning of the new State House will be honored with becoming parade. But is it wise to place the matter in their hands? If it had been proposed that the Right Rev. Horatio Potter, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New-York, should lay the corner-stone, with a procession of his clergy in surplices and stoles; or that Dr. Conroy, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Albany, should bless it with holy water and incense and the sign of the cross; or that the Presbyterian General Assembly should take it in charge, and appoint some of their leading divines to conduct the ceremonies, all parties and denominations would have objected. The Capitol is built for the whole people, without distinction of politics, creed, or opinions. The Freemasons, highly as they are esteemed, do not represent the whole people. To the majority their rites are incomprehensible. To a number not inconsiderable, especially among the Roman Catholics and Episcopalians, the order is, on general principles, offensive. Intrusting the ceremony to them seems to us scarcely less the courier back to Nesselrode to explain fully

Anti-Slavery Society, or the Union League

We say here no word against the Freemasons. The praise of their good deeds is in the mouths of all men; if there are features of their organization to which some good citizens have objected, the time is long past since these were the topic of political dispute or any general bitterness. But we are sure that the most zealous Masons will agree with us in holding that this is an affair that can only be properly conducted by those fairly representing all the people of the State. It is not a work for any benevolent organization, however venerable, for any church, however holy, for any political party, however pure, for any private association whatsoever, however numerous and honored. It is the work of the people of the State, through the officers holding the certificate and seal of their election.

RIDING AN ELEPHANT.

A menagerie gave an exhibition recently at the Indian village of Pottawatomie, in Kansas and during the night a party of braves broke into the tent and stole the elephant. They undertook to ride the animal about town. In a few minutes the air resounded with the crash of demolished wigwams and the shricks of the terrified Indians.

The child of the forest jabbed knives and arrows into the sides of Old Emperor-for so the beast was known to showmen-without doing him a bit of good. On he rushed, half mad with rage and fright, destroying everything within reach, and driving the people out into the prairies. When he had trampled a large part of the village into ruins, and stripped the roofs off the rest of the lodges, his keeper came up, and "the father of all the animals" was secured.

The Southern Democrats have just been trying to ride an elephant, with similar results. Their Old Emperor, Mr. Jefferson Davis, was a picturesque and profitable feature in the Democratic menageric so long as he was securely hobbled and kept quiet in his corner. Once in a while a cautious showman might walk him around the tent, to the delight of the gaping rustics and small boys, and eccasionally he raised his trunk and emitted a mild roar, not at all alarming in itself, but suggestive of terrible possibilities. But his principal occupation after all was to stand still, and be fed with cakes, and stared at as a marvel, with the strength of a giant and the docility of a child. In an evil hour some unauthorized persons let the Old Emperor loose, and what an uproar he has made! The new platforms which the Vallandigham Democrats built with so much pains have been knocked into splinters. Organizations have been scattered, and the Northern leaders run about screaming in the darkness, and breaking their necks trying to get out of the animal's way. His path is strewn with ruins, and before his rampage is over he will probably have done the Democracy more mischief than they can repair in

another four years. ORIGIN OF THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE. Kinglake has drawn a terribly graphic picture of the attitude of Louis Bonaparte and his accomplices after the coup d'état, with their hands full of plunder and their mouths full of humility, seeking alliances all over Europe which might give them a sort of international standing. There have been many heated denials of the accuracy of the portraiture, but nothing said to disprove it. And now Mr. Davidow, a Secretary of Legation in the service of Russia, well known in Paris and in Washington, has recently published, in St. Petersburg, a most indiscreet but evidently truthful account of the advances made by Louis Napoleon to Russia, which Mr. Davidow received from the lips of the late Count Nicholas de Kisseleff, Russian Embassador in Paris. It confirms in a very striking way the opinion formed by the English historian of the disposition and tendency of the new Emperor, which landed him in that imprudent and fruitless partnership with England in a quarrel in which he had no interest whatever. At a time when the temporary aberrations of so-ealled Republicans are leading weak-minded citizens to look to a personal government as a means of security and permanence, it will be well to consider the train of disasters which were brought upon France by one Emperor's uneasy struggle for recognition, and the defeat which was prepared for Russia by the stolid and barbarous pride of another.

Mr. Kisseleff says that he was led by Bonaparte's speech at Dijon and the review at Satory to suspect that the Empire would soon be proclaimed, and he asked for instructions in that event. The Petersburg Cabinet replied that this was improbable, and gave no instructions. The Prince-President made himself Emperor, and the other Embassadors made haste to recognize him. Mr. Kisseleff, not knowing what else to do, went to bed with the gout, and refused to see any one. But while his door was still refused to the world, an invitation to a ball at the Tuileries was brought to the Embassy, and a procedure so unheard of indicated that some important communication was to be made to him in an unofficial manner. He was not mistaken. The Emperor took him aside into the embrasure of a window, and put at once the scorehing question as to his recognition by the Russian Government. Mr. Kisseleff replied that he had as yet received no instructions. The Emperor then went on in a strain of inconceivable self-abasement, saying that the model which he had chosen for himself to follow was the Emperor Nicholas, "the true type of a modern "Emperor. I confess," he adds, "that for a long time I have been filled with admiration and an involuntary sympathy for your Emperor, who still refuses my plebeian hand, which I again tender him, no longer as to a brother, but as to a model whom I have "chosen." He charged the Envoy to report this to the Emperor, and to say that England was pursuing him with projects of alliance, but he could not go into such an arrangement without the fear of being haunted by the ghost of kis uncle. Still, an alliance he must have, and if Russia again repulsed him he must throw himself "with loathing into the arms " of England."

Mr. Kisseleff left the palace, stupefied by so preposterous an interview, and found at the Embassy a courier, who had just arrived with dispatches from Petersburg ordering him to present himself to Mr. Drouyn de l'Huys, and to say that the Czar recognized the new Emperor as Napoleon II., and not as Napoleon III., and that for the present the Czar refused to style him "Brother," thinking that for so new an arrival among the family of sovereigns] "My dear Friend" was quite cordial enough. The Minister, knowing how disastrous such a stupid insult would be at this crisis, took the responsibility of sending unwise than it would be to give it to a relig- to him the gravity of the situation. But in

to delay the execution of his orders, which were thereby repeated formally. He went in despair to the Department of Foreign Affairs, delivered his fatal dispatches, and was informed of the imminent dangers they involved. The alliance with England was concluded soon afterward.

It is scarcely possible that any constitutional government could have drifted into such disastrous complications as resulted in this case from the cringing meanness of one despot and the brutal arrogance of another. It has always been the habit of Louis Bonaparte to regard the moral quality of his acts in the light of the scandal they excite. He is willing to bear any hamiliation in private if he can show a bold front in public. In a government whose diplomacy is governed by public opinion, it would have been impossible for him to grovel so low at the feet of a foreigner. It would have been equally impossible for the Russian Cabinet to have driven France into hostility by so savage and puerile an exhibition of pettiness. We do not share in the usual exaggerated ascriptions of praise to Russian diplomacy. The Tartar blood has rarely produced a statesman. The leading Russians are Germans in blood and brains. But no government could well have been constructed out of a regiment of Cossacks which could have committed a blunder at once so vulgar and so inept as that by which the West of Europe was forced into alliance against the Russian schemes on the Euxine.

THE HANDSOME ENGLISHMAN.

Mr. Darwin seems strong in his facts when collected by other people, and only arranged by himself. He is an authority on six-toed cats, and benevolent monkeys, and æsthetic bower-birds, even without having seen them. But when it comes to the high-born Briton, whom he must have seen-for if a cat may look upon a king, surely a dissector of cats may contemplate a marquis - some glamour seems to come over him. He does not use his eyes, apparently, but accepts the traditions of ages as reverently as if he were an archbishop. He attributes "the beauty of the upper classes 'in England to the men having long selected the more beautiful women." (Descent of Man, II., 340-1, Am. ed.) The annual inroad of traveling Englishmen

is now becoming so large among us that even

untraveled Americans are becoming familiar with their looks. Many of these youths are, or purport to be, of high social position; and anxious inquiries are beginning to be made why the representatives of this aristocratic beauty do not appear among these travelers. In the frank language of the Washington young lady, remonstrating with the High Joint Commissioner on this very subject, "If the Queen has them, why does she not send one of them over here?" One sees handsome Englishmen, no doubt, but they are apt to be on the forward deck of the yacht, not in the cabin; on the outside of the carriage in Central Park, not inside. They are apt to be grooms, or gardeners, or sailors, or belong in some way to the degraded class of "cads." Why should there be this difference? As Darwin justly remarks (though with an opposite application), these classes "are placed under equally favorable circumstances for 'the perfect development of the body." Why is it that, as a general rule, the fine young English gentleman who visits us is less goodlooking than the man servant he brings with him? We speak in sorrow, not in anger. Everybody likes to see a handsome man. When we are to meet Lord Frederick Fitzregal at the club or at a dinner party, we de sire to see some one who has stepped out of 'Guy Livingstone"-such a youth as Bulwer first created and Wilkie Collins is now endeavoring to extinguish. The chances are that when the door opens, there shuffles in an undersized, light-haired, near-sighted, awkward boy, with a drawling Dundreary voice, who seems afraid of his own shadow, and cannot greet man or woman in a frank or easy way. He has a certain blunt and stammering simplicity, which is not to be despised. But even the imagination of Mr. Darwin, which sees infinite tenderness in a howling monkey-even the beautiful self-abnegation of Mr. Disraeli, which bows its head before a class, cannot possibly attribute anything but physical forlornness to this individual representative. There may be handsome Englishmen of the upper classes, but they must love their homes very much. They rarely come here. We remember a certain public ball at a watering place whither Young New-York carried its thinnest legs and its slenderest chests; and the general result, to a lover of his country, was not encouraging. Presently there entered the room an Euglish viscount, the son of an earl. All eyes were turned on him with renewed cheerfulness; he was so utterly insignificant of aspect, that

even the fast young New-Yorkers seemed a Punch had a caricature, the other day, representing two young English clerks or bagmen of the most wee and emaciated aspect, seated on a tobacconist's counter, puffing cigars obviously beyond their strength, and deploring the physical degeneracy of the Americans. But Punch, with all his daring, still cherishes the traditional reverence for the aristocracy, or he would have taken his two youths from a higher class. The average English rustic who comes to America is physically respectable, coarse but strong; he mispronounces, but he has manly chest-tones; he is not near-sighted, nor one-sided, nor undersized; he is what the French call "un homme " solide." But who could see anything solid or commanding in most of the young noblemen who run through America and pause a little while in Washington, or New-York, or Newport, on their way to Salt Lake City ? Actually, we Americans are beginning to disbelieve in Pelham and all his progeny, and to hold the only true type of the blood in England to be Mrs. Edwards's "little Lord Petre" in "Steven Lawrence." Or is it, after all, that the Lord Petres travel-for their health-and that Mr. Darwin's "beauties of the upper ' classes" stay at home?

We read of another young poet dead in Scotland and with a volume of verses left behind him. His name was George Heath, he was a joiner by trade, and he lived twenty-five years, most of them of suffering and deprivations. It seems to us one of the remarkable features of the time that so many men and women should write passable poetry, fair enough in a day of less glut, to make a reputation. Considering the quantity, one is surprised to find the quality so clever. Every newspaper conductor receives from young people ambitious of print, pecks of poe try which seems too good for the waste-basket, but which is not worth the room which it would occupy in an overcrowded journal. There is nothing for it but to say " No!" much pain as the veto may givethere would be an avalanche of these metrical offerings otherwise. We wish that we could persuade young people to cultivate the poetic art, as many of them do music, morely as a private accomplishment,

to be hushed up in the family and among friends. The amount of verse worth printing is exceedingly small, and yet the pleasure of writing it for its own sake is a worthy and innocent one. That mind is happily constituted which is able impartially to estimate the real value of its production; and she is a sensible woman who has the moral courage to tell herself that her verses are well enough for the port-folio but that the world will still go 'round even though they should remain unpublished. As for poetical fame, every smatterer in literary history knows that it is the most perishable of all, and dependent upon incalculable chances. To be forgotten is the destiny of nine cultivators of letters out of ten-and lucky for them it is that such is the irrepealable rule.

A droll copy of verses on Jowett's Plato appears in Blackwood's Magazine. There is a little of the fun of the old days of Christopher North in it; and as a contribution to the great sex controversy about this time raging with unprecedented ardor, we venture to reproduce two of the rollicking stanzas:

Then the struggles and strife
That attend married life,
And that often turn love into hate, Ot
Its profligate courses,
Descritions, divorces,
Must have hurt the fine feelings of Plato. But a very had cure proposed Plato (For I don't think him here the potato), "Make the man and the woman, Like property, common,— And the children as well;" added Plato.

On this question that vexes
Us as to the sexes
Our author don't long hesitate, O!
Woman's duties and rights,
Whether beauties or frights,
Are completely conceded by Piato. But the pace here adopted by Plato Seems to move at too rapid a rate, O! All must go to the wars And be servants of Mars. Both the women and men, under Plato.

There has been a great deal of speech-making in Boston during the last week, but we have read no more cheerful, pleasant, and animating reports than those of the speeches made at the Universalist Festival at Faneuil Hall, on the 31st ult. We mention them because we think them remarkable for good taste, good humor, and a kindly, catholic feeling. Some of the other meetings, we are sorry to say, were not so encouraging and by no means so harmonious. The Association of Congregational Ministers could only muster an attendance of about a dozen members. This is a charitable society for the benefit of the families of deceased clergymen. In view of the evident lethargy, the Rev. Dr. Lothrop thought that the Society itself had better disband and die. A resolution to this effect was given to a Committee to consider during the next twelve

Massachusetts may have been over-Puritanical in days past, but she must be getting better of that complaint, when her House of Representatives debates, without bringing down upon it the dome of the State House, whether an Election Sermon shall be preached or not next year. Why, Mr. Kimball of Boston actually stood up in his place and said that "the sermon had become a mere farce," and that 'now was the time to abolish it;" and 99 ungodly embers solemnly voted that Mr. Kimball was right. However, there were 110 members who voted the other way, and so the one hundred less one, who were in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity, were put down. The best of it all is that there is to be a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Peabody of Cambridge, and an excellent discourse we predict

It is rather melancholy to read of the death, in Concord, N. H., of the Rev. Jonas Merriam, because he has for a number of years been printing a newspaper called The World's Crisis, and proving therein that The Second Advent, with the destruction of the world, was at hand. The Rev. Mr. Miller died long ago without the sight which he had so long expected, and now one of his chief disciples has followed him. If we were disposed to moralize, we might suggest that there is certainly an Exit if not an Advent awaiting us; and substantially it is all the same to us whether the world passes away or we pass out of it. This being so, perhaps a little too much time and ingenuity have been spent in trying to fix, by the interpretation of Daniel, that day and hour which no man knoweth.

It was stated by Mr. Vance Smith, in a speech in Birmingham, that the new revision of the Bible by the Canterbury Convocation, of which Mr. Smith is the only Unitarian member, while it will result in a greatly improved version-changes, in fact, having been made in almost every verse-will not read unlike the existing translation, the old style having been adhered to as closely as possible. "Any one hearing it read," Mr. Smith said, "would hardly know that it was a new version." This will be grateful news to those who, from a literary point of view, have doubted the expediency or even good taste of a substantially new translation; for it was naturally apprehended that wide deviations from the standard text might result in confusion, and in impairing the value of existing Biblical literature.

The exultant thermometer has aroused the Health Officer of Phitadelphia, and he has issued a pronunciamiento commanding all hogs to leave the city, banishing cows, enjoining slaughter-houses to use 50 pounds of chloride of lime weekly, warning householders to throw no garbage into the streets, and forbidding the landing of hides, fish, and vegeta bles on the Delaware or Schuykill fronts-all of which, in a proclamation, has a highly sanative sound. But a paper war on nuisances is no more effective than paper wars are generally. We have municipal regulations enough here in New-York to make this metropolis as clean and sweet as the cleanest and sweetest of old Dutch villages, if enactment and enforcement happened to be synony

The good Mr. Emerson has met with something in California which has made him mildly dubious of one branch at least of his own philosophy. To a friend who hoped that he was not disappointed by the Yo-Semite Valley, he replied: "No, no; it is the only thing that quite comes up to the brag." Mr. Emerson, we believe, was once theoretically of the opinion that a man would not find anything abroad which he might not have found at home, although practically Mr. E. has been given to what the old lady in Dickens's novel called "meandering." But the Yo-Semite, we are obliged to believe, is beautiful enough to disturb any mild, stay-at-home conclusions-is one of the few localities in the world worth the trouble of a journey to look upon.

When Dr. Livingstone gets home from-we do not exactly know where-it is "25 days' journey south of Ujiji"-he will find, we are told, not less than seventeen decorations, orders of nobility, knighthood,&c., awaiting him-the honors awarded by various European Governments to this placky nd benevolent man. Whatever he may be authorized to wear on the outside of his coat, he will carry a stout heart within it worth all the ribands, red, white, or blue, and all the jewels of whatever water in the world. Dr. Livingstone's geographical discoveries are brilliant enough to blind most of us to the moral purpose of enterprises having for their main object the elevation of savage races.

A merchant of that class of whom New-York has too few,-men who do not find it necessary to their pursuit of business to neglect the duties and responsibilities in public affairs which their success and influence impose, -sails to-day for a brief vacation in England. He was entertained, last night, by Mr. B. Y. Pippey-some thirty or forty gentlemen of prominence in the various walks of professional and business life in this and adjoining cities gathering to say Good-By. A much larger number will to-day unite in wishing Mr. Isaac H. Bailey a pleasant voyage and speedy return.

perceive in the subjoined skeich of its plot and incidents, which we condense from an English source:

Act one shows us Daisy Farm in Derbyshire, the happy home of Andrew Armstrong and his wire lieidget. Some years prior to the commencement of the place they have been engaged, but in a moment of pique lieidget has rejected Armstrong in favor of David Burridge, a vagabond, who, after ill-treating her for some time has described her, leaving her with time child Charly Burridge, who, grown to manhaod, it how a medical student, and At the mouth of the Rondont Creek, the terminus of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, a bar has been forming for two years past, and is assuming such proportions as to interfere materially with navigation. The Company has placed two large dredging machines at work.

THE DRAMA.

called to certain dramatic incidents of present interest.

A notable period in the theatrical year is reached to-day

-no less a point, indeed, than the close of the regular

framatic season. Clouds of uncertainty used once to

hang about that nebulous epoch in the stage calendar.

where Winter leaves off and Summer begins. But usage has pretty well cleared up the doubt; and all who have

observed what the usage is will mark to-day as closing

past. The store of lures has been duly expended. The

ets have been drawn. The fiscal fish have been brought

to land. Enterprise, indeed, will not relax its shows, or

loose its grip upon the strings of the popular purse. But

-the stage takes official cognizance of the fact that Summer has arrived; and new methods of ministration

to the public taste may, therefore, be expected To

terminate the regular season at Wallack's Theater, Mr.

Lester Wallack's vigorous and various drama of "Rose-

THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON. The attention of play-goers may properly be

the season of 1870-71. The forty weeks, more

dale" will be acted, for the sixth time. It is seen now to greater advantage than ever before, so far as the scenes and dresses and other accessories are con-cerned—for these are all new and of uncommon and unprecedented richness. Though the seaeon closes, however, the run of the drama of "Rosedale" will not at present be stopped. So numerous, indeed, has been each of the crowds it has thus far attracted, that we fancy its career might easily be prolonged for a couple of months—with the con-comitants of public pleasure and private prosperity— were it not for the unpropitious influence of hot weather. This sultry tyrant has already made himself feit, and all who know a New-York Summer know that he is dreadfully capable of fiery torture. Spil, for at least two weeks longes, the play of "Rosedale" will grace the stage and delight the town. No one who cares for animated and stirring stage pictures should fail to see it. The Ball-Room set surpasses anything of the kind that has ever yet been offered to this public, upon any stage. The weapons, the banners, the gay colors, and the sym metrical and constant action, -embalmed in the sonorous music,-unite to charm every eye and inspirit every mind... To close the season at Booth's, "A Winter's Tale" will be acted for the last time. It has kept the stage since the 25th of April, and will have had forty representations. Mr. Barrett has won new and valuble honors, as Leontes. The successful representative of this character must know what sorrow is, and must embody the result of its chastening and ennobling influence. Leanter is crazed with jealousy, when he commits the great and cruel crime that bows his wife with anguish, kills his boy, expatriates his daughter, and renders desolate his home, his heart, and his life. Misery and remorse come then upon him, waking from his dark dream of de lusion. Since, however, the man's nature is strong and fine, this great trouble does not crush him. He accepts, in an humble spirit, the discipline of sorrow. He suffers and endures, and would fain expiate by gratitude the wrong that he has done to love and virtue and innoence. It is in his adequate presentment of this ideal of the character and this phase of the experience of Leontes, that we perceive the worth and beauty of Mr. Barrett's personation. Grand natures are always affected grandly by the passions, emotions, and experiences that reach them. That of Leontes becomes equally noble and sweet in its sorrowful reticence, its patient fortitude, its tender gravity, and its chastened dignity. Mr. Barrett shows a delicate comprehension of this; and by face, voice, bearing, and action, in all the latter part of this performance reveals a clearness of understanding and a depth of heart that are extraordinary, and that must alwayswhile unimpaired by care and unembittered by disap-pointment—help him to rich successes in his art. For the sake of Mr. Barrett's Leontes, then, not less than for the sake of the marvelous scenic beauty which investthis Shakespearian revival, we commend to all lovers of the drama this closing performance of "A Winter's Tale." In the rubicund, jolly, lawless vagabond, Autolicus,-played with abundance of fine animal spirits and of oily humor, by Mr. Mark Smith,-the spectator finds, also, a true Shakespearian personation, faithful to text and to idea, and instinct with the power and sincerity of an individuality which the artist clearly sees, and firmly grasps, and takes delight in portraying. The usual Saturday Matinés takes place at Booth's Theater to-day. On Monday comes "The Man o' Airlie." It is stated, by the way, that Mr. Feehter will act at Booth's Theater, next October ... The season at the Fifth Avenue will close, as we understand, with the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, which terminates to night. It has been a brilliant and prosperous engagement. Of its details our readers have been duly advised. Upon the last programme, indeed, we have not dwell with care, for the reason that it proved rather a disap-pointment. It was offered on Monday evening, when Mr. Mathews took his benefit, and its presentment was signalized by the appearance of the wife of the comedian. It included "The Golden Flerce," "The Comical Countess," and "Cool as a Cucumber." The latter was, of course, the best feature. Mr. Mathews, as Plumper, is wonderful for droll and polished vivacity. But there is no merit above mediocrity in the acting of Mrs. Mathews. She is agreeable in burlesque, and shows the results of careful schooling; but that is all. However, burlesque disappears from the Fifth Avenue stage this evening and its recurrence is unlikely-and certainly undesira ble. Last evening Mrs. Mathews took her benefit, and spectator will see "A Bachelor of Arts" and "Cool as a Cucumber." Te-night the latter farce and "The Golden Fieece." On Monday Miss Fanny Davenport is to receive a benefit, playing Lady Gay Spanker. Her father, Mr. E. L. Davesport, will enact Sic Harcourt Courtly. On Tuesday night Mr. D. H. Harkins will have a benefit, playing Geoffrey Delamayn in "Man and Wife." The acter is popular and the attendance should be large. On Wednesday, as Mr. Daly announces, the new play of 'No Name" will be acted, for the first time Edwin's theatrical season terminated last night. The lady took a benefit and appeared in "Rank," and her friends appeared in ranks. During thirty-five weeks, and amid much competition, this actress has urged for ward her spirited and worthy enterprise. The management has not, indeed, been always wise or always brilliant. The infant creeps, however, before it walks - as somebody has observed-and, no doubt, the policy of Miss Edwin's Theater, when the new season brings round the incident of its re-opening, be found to be more intelligent, definite, and firm than it has hitherto been. This evening Miss Edwin and Mr. George Clark will appear in "Rank" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, On Monday they will act in Philadelphia. Improvements are to be made in Lina Edwin's Theater during the Su mer recess....Niblo's Garden is, in one respect-and only one-like death; "it hath all seasons for its own," and it commonly runs them all together into one, and this lasts all the time. "Kit" prevails at present. We have previously reviewed it. Nothingnew is to be said. Mr. Chanfrau will act at to-day's Matinee, and every night until further notice. The further notice, when it comes, will announce "Paul Clifford" aret the Irish comedian, Mr. John Collins. The drains of "Jack Shep-pard" will be acted at the Olympic this afternoon and this evening, and then relegated to that obscurity which should forever envelop it. With the Summer season, which commences on Monday Levening, Miss Lucille Western will commence an enginement, appearing as Lady Isabel and Madam Vine, in the drama of "East Lynne."... The Panorama of the German-French War has been withdrawn from the stage of Irving Hall.... Messrs. Newcomb & Arlington's Einstrels are amusing their auditors with a buriesque touching the Police DRAMATIC NOTES. Matinées to-day at Booth's, the Fifth Avenue, Mr. Joseph Jefferson has contributed \$59 for the relief of Mr. J. Delmon Grace, the actor, to whose afflicted and destitute state we have called attention. Mr. Jefferson will appear at the Walnut Street Theater. Philadelphis, next Monday, the 5th of June. Mr. C. Walcot has been acting there, as Young Wilding, in "The Liar."—Mr. Davenport has reappeared at the Chestnut, as Sir Olles Occirrench.—Mr. Barton Hill took a benefit at the Arch, last Monday. Sir Charles L. Young, Bart., is the author of a new play, called "Shadows," which was announced for one performance—by way of trial, and at the author's expense—at the Princess's Theater, on the 2kh of May. Mrs. Herman Vezin, Mr. John Neison, Mr. Alfred Neison, and Mr. John Coughlin were to act the chief parts.

and Mr. John Coughlin were to act the chief parts.

Mrs. Ella Clymer, who played Pauline, at the French Theater, in this city, some time ago, will make her first appearance on the Boston stage to hight, at the Globe Theater, on the occasion of Mr. Floyd's benefit. Mr. Arthur Cheney, as already announced, will play on this occasion. The Boston Post says that "both as an actor and as the executive head of the Globe Theater, Mr. Floyd has not only made a success and won the admiration of this community, but has ably maintained and advanced the reputation of the theater."

MR. BYRON'S DAISY FARM. There seems to be real merit, though not much riginality, in Mr. Byron's new play of "Datay Farm"—ow acted at the London Olympic—as the reader will erretye in the subjoined sketch of its plot and incidents, they are compleme from an Euclide Marian.

who, grown to manhood, is now a medical student, and is on a visit to his mother and stop rather, for Eury idge